10: Grevenbroek F-5 (ca. 1694) 1933
FX13 Hottentot FX13
Cape Hottentot

The chief riches of the natives in our parts are arms and cattle. They have no fixed abodes, but move from place to place carrying their homes with them on their wanderings. Their oxen, travelling at a very rapid pace, carry all their burdens, even men and pack-saddles, on their backs. Where meadows and pastures invite the flocks and herds, there they scatter themselves with their little huts, living the life of wandering friars. Till even shadows fall they pasture their flocks; at night they enclose them, as I said above; then to the clapping of hands and stamping of feet, with wanton gestures they ply the dance beneath the presiding moon far into the stilly hours of night.

When changing their terrain they abandon those enfeebled by sickness or age. The man to be left is shut up in a hut with a supply of provisions, water, and fire to furnish forth his funeral feast, but destitute of every other aid. This singular cruelty is practised by the natives near us, who are the most barbarous of their race. They regard neither sex nor kinship in thus rejecting all obligations to maintain the sick and old.[79]

The women make the huts, and in this wise. Numerous rods and poles are fixed in the earth and bent over in the shape of an arch, forming a hemispherical, convex, tortoise-shell-like frame. The sides are woven across with pliant withies. The hut is about five feet high, the diameter does not exceed twelve feet, and there is a little door three feet high looking to the East. The huts are covered with skilfully woven mats of rush or reed, or sometimes even with skins to afford protection against the inclemency of the sky and the raging winds. This roof covers the whole household, including the newborn lambs and the cows with their calves. In the centre is an ever-glowing hearth to keep all warm and cook the food, and there for the most part the native women pass their time, discharging their hearts in gossip, and laughing and joking, the best of friends and enemies. Picture to yourself the elegant salon!

The women also make earthenware vessels quite skilfully out of moistened clay. They dig up the clay and carry it home, where it is cut up into portions the size of a walnut. These are placed on a skin and sprinkled with a little water from time to time to prevent them getting too dry, and exposed to the sun for two or three days. They are then kneaded into cylinders, like bottles, each an ell in

---

enough food to support their aged parents. "But sometimes," he adds, "even if there was food enough, and if people, especially women, who had cattle of their own, gave suspicion that they secretly did mischief by practising witchcraft, they were left to die from starvation" (Tavel-//Ossam, 86, 70).